

Saccharine Nicotine

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35082289) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35082289>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - College/University , College , Halloween , Halloween Costumes , Party , Drinking , Vaping , Smut , Explicit Sexual Content , Sexual Tension , Party Games , Sex , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Public Sex , Rimming , Praise Kink , Dirty Talk , Spit As Lube , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Possessive Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 13 of dnf brainrot <3
Stats:	Published: 2021-11-13 Words: 10231

Saccharine Nicotine

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

The week of Halloween, countless parties are thrown to build up the excitement of the holiday he doesn't care too much about. Fraternities supply booze and ruckus that runs into the deepest darks of the nights where most are too drunk to get back to their dorms properly. And Dream never goes to these parties—he'd rather be at home studying for his economics test tomorrow—but he wouldn't miss *this* opportunity for the world.

George, his roommate with pretty umber eyes and delicate skin, has enticed Dream's mind with the idea of matching costumes. A magician and a bunny; Dream vaguely remembers the reasoning being because a magician pulls bunnies from their hats.

Or, Dream and George go to a Halloween party.

Notes

i am so sorry for not posting LOL

anyway, enjoy a very overdue Halloween fic :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Halloween is usually a bore to Dream.

Dressing up in outfits and pretending to be a scary monster is for little kids who only want their fair share of candy. However, college is a different story, he supposes.

The week of Halloween, countless parties are thrown to build up the excitement of a holiday that Dream doesn't care too much about. Fraternities supply booze and ruckus that runs into the deepest darks of the nights where most are too drunk to get back to their dorms properly. And Dream never goes to these parties—he'd rather be at home studying for his economics test tomorrow—but he wouldn't miss *this* opportunity for the world.

George, his roommate with pretty amber eyes and delicate skin, has enticed Dream's mind with the idea of matching costumes. A magician and a bunny; Dream vaguely remembers the reasoning being because a magician pulls bunnies from their hats.

He hasn't seen the outfits yet, only knows what they're going to be, and with three days before the thirty-first, Dream is starting to get cold feet about going to the party.

If anything, Dream would say his biggest weakness is being around tons of people—especially when they act like lunatics under the influence of alcohol and other things. And he's fairly liked at the college he attends; almost everyone knows his name (his real one and his pseudonym), but he finds himself wanting to stay in relatively closed corners where he can be alone with his mind.

His roommate, on the other hand, is not like this. In fact, he's the polar opposite. George prefers to go out, have fun with complete strangers that he won't remember the next day, and inhale toxic smoke through a stick like it's his lifeline.

He's more popular than Dream is, given the difference between them, and even throughout his adulation, he always tries to make Dream feel included. Which is why he ~~makes~~ invites him to the Halloween party this year.

Dream only says yes because George promises not to leave his side the entire time. Albeit, it took a lot of convincing, too; the parties at Sapnap's fraternity house always have the most traction. And that's mainly because Sapnap's brother supplies all of the booze and vape pens that stay stocked in the house like a library with books. Somewhere, Dream wonders why George isn't in the fraternity with Sapnap with how much he loves to drink and vape until he's practically dumb.

George keeps the dead vapes hidden in a box under his bed and his usable ones in a small, cage-like pencil holder placed inside the top drawer of his bedside table. He always smells of nicotine and sweetness, but maybe it's the room, too. Either way, Dream can never escape the essence of hinted strawberry and mango smoke that infiltrates his lungs whenever George pulls out his pen.

Like today, their room is tainted with the smell of mangos and smoke, George practically inhaling the entirety of his device. He scrolls through his phone, feet planted on the wall adjacent to Dream's bed with his head hanging off the edge of the mattress. The black tip of the vape stays stuck between pink lips, deft fingers idly tapping across his screen; Dream is sitting at his desk with the sharp lead of a pencil gliding over paper.

“What size shirt do you wear?” George interjects suddenly.

Dream doesn’t know why he’s taken off guard. “A large, why?”

“I’m ordering our costumes for Sunday.” He takes a hit of his vape before putting it on his chest. “I’m tempted to make you the bunny, but the outfit would look a bit silly on you.”

“Can I see them?” Dream asks, turning around in his chair to look at George.

“Nope. It’s a surprise!”

“But I already know what we’re going to be. So why can’t I see them?”

George tips his head back even further, eyes meeting with Dream’s verdant ones. His eyebrows are raised slightly, phone pointing towards his chest to hide the luminosity of his screen. “Because I’m wanting it to be a surprise.” He pauses. “So a large shirt? Does that go the same with tuxedo jackets or whatever?”

“I think so,” Dream hums, brushing blond hair from his face. “I wore a tux for my high school’s prom, and it was large.”

The other smiles, pearly whites gleaming from behind pink promises of mango-flavored nicotine before he goes back to his phone. He takes a few more hits of his vape before throwing it to the side, the small pen bouncing on the bed before settling beside his pillows.

“So,” Dream starts, “you’re going to be the bunny, and I’m the magician?”

“That’s the plan. I already have my outfit. I’m just ordering yours right now—I think we’ll look cute together.”

Scarlet words leave traces of strawberry jam on Dream’s skin. Sticky and barely tangible, but it still singes tan flesh nonetheless, leaving behind a coral tint that bridges over his nose and spreads through his cheeks. He can smell the mango nicotine swirling through the room, invisible smoke rolling over in the air with a gentle lure that’s intoxicating, if not something else. George gives him second-hand addiction.

The essence travels slowly, but it burns Dream’s throat with something cold just the same. It infiltrates his lungs, causes a cough to get stuck at the back of his airway that he tries to push down. Mango-flavored vapes are George’s favorite, airy filters covering the scarce amount of strawberry smoke that scatters the room like sweet flies.

“Are you sure I still have to go?” Dream asks hesitantly, already knowing the answer.

“Dream,” George hums with a hint of sarcasm lilting in his voice, “I don’t care if I have to drag you to Sapnap’s by your hair, you’re going with me, and we’re going to have the night of our lives.”

Defeatedly, Dream sighs. “Fine. But when I’m ready to leave, we’re leaving.”

When Sunday rolls around, Dream is more nervous than he probably should be. George informs him that their outfits came early this morning, graciously pulling out two packages, a shoebox, and a cane from underneath his bed to shove them into Dream’s arms with a giddy smile.

And it isn’t like Dream doesn’t *want* to go—because he does—he’s just nervous about being around so many people at once, especially Sapnap. But he supposes with George by his side, things

will be okay.

His costume consists of five parts; a thin blazer with a matching tie, dress pants, sleek shoes, and a black cane with white rubber tips attached to each end. There isn't a shirt to go with the rest of the outfit, and Dream assumes that it's on purpose. Because, of course, George would make him dress up as a semi-sexy magician. No wonder the other wanted it to be a surprise—he knew Dream would say no almost immediately.

He isn't opposed exactly, but he isn't in the mood to have his front half exposed to the wandering eyes of drunk girls who are desperate for attention. Especially since he isn't interested in said girls, he enjoys the tartness of mangos and nicotine dancing on strawberry lips instead.

George runs off to their shared bathroom after handing Dream his clothes, leaving him by his lonesome to change into his costume an hour before it's time to leave. He slips his shirt off slowly, taking in the reality of the barely versatile situation where he's being dragged to a Halloween party by his overly-known roommate.

The tie goes on first, silk-like fabric almost cold when pressing flush to tan skin. It's ticklish, the sensation sending soft sprinkles of candy over every inch of his body, gooey supplements a perfect remedy of a scoured existence that reminds him of each nervous swarm of dragonflies that etch his stomach like razors left unattended. They shred every internal organ into dust, leaving nothing but a pile of writhing messes that resembles his head when it comes to a tropical-tinted presence.

He lets the tie hang around his neck, moving on to the blazer. His arms slip into the holes of the jacket without difficulty, fitting his shoulders with a tightness that is neither uncomfortable nor too loose—rather, it's a perfect fit.

Dream looks at himself in his mirror when each piece of the costume is grafted onto his body, and he doesn't look all that bad. Each item of clothing fits snugly, thick fingers smoothing over the flaps of black fabric as verdant eyes unveil at the glimpse of bare skin. The cane lays flat on his bed, forgotten for the time being. George did good at picking out their outfits, and Dream can't wait to see how the other looks, too.

A groan, strained and annoyed, emits from behind the bathroom door, the rattle of a golden doorknob drawing his attention to heavy wood swinging open.

“Dream, I can't get the tail—”

Words stop abruptly, viridian eyes getting caught on the gaze of burning flames. Black latex fits George's body snugly, covering his torso up to his shoulders and coming down just below his hips—almost like a one-piece bathing suit you see on girls at the beach. White cuffs are snapped together on both wrists, two little black buttons on the outside of the fabric keeping it held together along with bunny ears attached to his hair by a headband.

In his hands, he holds a puffy tail made into a ball, deft fingers playing with the wool.

“You look nice,” George smiles after a few seconds.

“Th-Thanks...uh—” He looks down at himself. “You do, too.”

He hears George stumble closer, an airy hum meeting his ears. “Can you clip my tail on? I keep poking myself with the pin on accident.”

Dream swallows thickly, pushing the image of George bending over the bathroom counter to try and put on the bunny tail to the back of his head. He tries not to think about George failing to

attach the faux fur to the curve of his ass, huffing in annoyance before storming from the closed door and asking Dream to help him. He also tries not to seem too eager when he responds.

“Y-Yeah, sure thing.”

With another smile, George steps closer to Dream. The faux tail then slips into his hands, fingertips grazing along the sleek metal edge of a tiny safety pin as the boy starts to lean toward the dresser, clearly sticking his ass out for Dream to hook the tail on—but Dream’s mind goes entirely somewhere else.

Like George bending over, just as he’s doing now, but there isn’t latex to cover his body. Isn’t anything besides Dream’s hips to fit snugly between the cleft of his ass and the back of his thighs; somewhere the blond is undoubtedly close enough to indulge in his own rampant fantasies where he’s behind George, and they’re both nude—

Get it together, Dream. It’s just a costume piece.

Is it weird of him to find his roommate and best friend hot in a bunny outfit? Doesn’t everyone usually look at their friends like this? Or is that only limited to girls? Either way, he can’t deny that George looks extremely pretty dressed up like this.

“You know,” Dream begins, lowering his hands down to the middle of George’s ass as he unclips the pin, “I’ve never actually gone all out for Halloween before; this is the most I’ve ever done for it.”

“Are you serious?” George asks in disbelief, gazes meeting in the mirror again. Dream only nods. “You are *so* lame, oh my god.”

Dream tries to defend himself, but it comes out as a weak flail of elbows as he tries to stick the sharp end of the pin through latex clothes without hurting George in the process. But it still makes the bunny laugh, the motion making him push his ass back against Dream’s body—and Dream tries his hardest not to be affected by it.

“Stay still, idiot,” he hums.

“I can’t believe you’ve never *dressed up* for Halloween! What kind of uncultured swine are you?”

The blond hooks the tail on quickly then, eyes still stuck on George’s in the mirror as he doesn’t move from his spot. “I just found it silly to do; I was never interested in getting candy or...going to parties. I liked staying at home with my mom, watching scary movies, and eating popcorn.”

“God,” George grins, “you are *such* a momma's boy, aren’t you?”

“I-I mean— No, I just—”

“It’s cute,” the brunet chirps. “I wish I would’ve done that in high school. I mainly only went to parties with friends and fooled around.”

George stands up straight, turning around swiftly to face Dream. He leans back against the dresser, long, pale legs crossing over each other as he stares up at the magician. “We should do what you and your mum did next year,” he adds.

“What? Watch movies?”

“Yeah! I think it’d be cool,” George shrugs. “Definitely a change from everything else I’ve done

each year—do you know how much money I’ve spent on costumes I never even wear anymore?”

Dream laughs, raking his eyes up and down the other’s body. “At least it’s costumes that look good on you.”

Their eyes meet again, something dark flashing behind amber flames, the smell of mangos still swirling in the air even though the smoke of a vape isn’t present this time around. Dream begins to think that it’s just George’s natural essence nowadays—tart fruit and nicotine—and he would be lying if he said that it didn’t make his blood run just a bit more smoothly through capillary beds. Every cell in his body craves for the sick veil of mangos and saccharine poison.

Pink lips curl into a malevolent smirk, brown swirls trailing down, and taking in every aspect of Dream’s costume. And it’s times like these the blond wishes he could know what George is thinking about because the look in his eyes screams something he can’t recognize.

“You know,” George snickers, pushing himself from the dresser, “you’re a *very* sexy magician.”

Delicate hands play with the ends of Dream’s tie, contorting it into something other than one long, back piece of fabric; a proper ‘tie.’ His face speckles with a dusty pink blush that canvases the constellation of freckles held in place against tan skin. George pulls the end of the tie tight against the front of Dream’s neck, a smile on his lips as he doesn’t break eye contact.

Dream’s breathing feels thick, caught within the lump in his throat that it almost hurts to swallow his own spit. It’s akin to molten lava being forced down the muscle, burning him from the inside out until it drips with something calloused and charred from black holes of skin and vicious reckoning.

“Um...thank you,” Dream stammers out pathetically. “You—You do, too.”

And his words are truthful, no matter how weak or weary they sound, because George looks *hot* right now. The black latex compliments his pale complexion stunningly, and the wrist cuffs fit tightly around thin bones, and bunny ears that are slightly crooked standing high from brown locks. It’s the best-dressed Dream thinks he’s ever seen George—though there are some casual outfits that come neck and neck with it.

Like those loose-fitted jeans that cuff around the ankles, a plain white shirt tucked into the elastic wrapped around his waist, and a thin, red and white flannel jacket adorning small shoulders. As well as the black boots he wears along with it. Dream likes that outfit the most, but now that he’s seen George in black latex and bunny ears, maybe he’ll reconsider.

With a snarky smirk, George backs away. He grabs his vape pen and his keys, and Dream tries his best not to look at his ass when he bends over to grab a pair of white platform sneakers from beneath his bed and put them on. Because that costume leaves too much room for a vivid imagination such as Dream’s mind.

“Come on.” George takes a hit of his vape, metal keys clinging together with the movements of his hands. “Let’s get going.”

The party isn’t all bad.

George keeps his promise and sticks close to Dream's side, even going as far as to hook his arms through the bend of Dream's elbow—and the blond feels indefinitely safe like this.

He's introduced to Karl, a boy from George's computer science class that likes to vape more than George himself. Or at least that's what Dream notices when he's infiltrated by the essence of sweet mangoes and strawberry bliss all at once; the two boys share a vape, too, something about how George's battery is going dead with each hit.

"Dream," Karl giggles out lightly, "you wanna hit mine, too?"

The blond stutters out his words, pounding music reverberating in his head as he looks to George for help. George is already looking back at him, a sympathetic smile on his lips before he turns to Karl.

"He doesn't vape," George explains.

"Ah, that's fine! Sapnap has beers in the kitchen if you want one of those instead?" Karl reasons, shoving the nicotine pen into his pocket.

Dream nods cautiously. George pulls away.

"I'm gonna go to the bathroom real quick," George hums. "I'll meet you and Karl in the kitchen when I'm out, okay?"

And as much as Dream doesn't want him to leave, already missing the warmth against his skin where George was latched on, he shoots him a small "okay" while Karl begins to lead him towards the kitchen.

They push through a plethora of half-drunk people dancing to loud music, all of which either smoking weed, vaping, or drinking alcohol from red plastic cups that Dream has yet to hold, too. Karl has a strong grip around Dream's wrists, pulling him to their end destination and thanking a few guys and girls who tell him the party is awesome.

"I thought this was Sapnap's party?" Dream says loudly, trying to get his voice higher than the music and chattering students.

Karl shakes his head. "No, it's mine. Sapnap just let me use the house for the night."

Dream is dragged past the threshold of the bigger than normal living room and kitchen, noticing how empty it is besides the few people trying to get a refill of their drinks. It's then Karl lets go of his wrist, wandering around the island placed dead center of the room.

"So," Karl begins, "is this your first time at a college party?"

"Is it that obvious?"

"A little bit," the boy laughs.

He bends down to grab two Bud Light's from the fridge, fingers wrapped around the necks of the bottles as the bodies click together. Dream leans back against the kitchen counter, sighing heavily as he fixes his blazer so it isn't as open as before.

"George made me come, he wanted to have matching costumes—I'm a magician if you couldn't tell," Dream hums. "But I left my cane in the dorm."

Karl giggles, popping open the beer bottles before walking over to hand one of them to Dream. He mumbles out a quick “thanks,” bringing it up to his lips as he takes a swig of the beverage, sweetness mixed with a twinge of tartness settling on his tongue. He makes a face at the taste, nose scrunching up in dissatisfaction, but he takes another sip anyway—he’ll get used to it after a while.

“You guys look cute together,” Karl says, jumping up on the island counter. “He’s one of those bunnies the magicians pull out of their hats, right?”

“Pretty much.”

There’s a moment of silence; Karl takes a sip of his beer while Dream swishes his around in the bottle. He tries not to think about how the other said he and George looked cute together, but he fails tremendously, because Karl is right: Dream and George do look cute together.

“So, Dream,” Karl perks up, “what classes are you gonna take next semester?”

“Uh...probably whatever George is taking,” Dream whispers. “He seems to think it’s easy, and politics is kind of a pain in my ass right now.”

The dirty blond hums quietly. “I take the same things as he does, and I promise it’s not all that fun when the professor is a bitch.”

“It’s computer science, right?” Karl nods. “I used to do coding back in high school.”

“Really?”

“Yeah! I coded my own plug-ins for this game I really liked.”

“That’s epic, dude!” Karl exclaims. “But for classes, think about what you want to do for yourself and where you want to end up in the future, okay?”

Dream laughs, catching his gaze on familiar black latex walking into the kitchen. “Well, a lot of his future is my future.”

Tropical sweetness and a rush of smoke begins to infiltrate his system once George is closer, a smile caught on strawberry lips as he attaches himself to Dream’s side once more. And Dream feels comfortable again—flies of awkwardness that are stuck to his skin whizzing away without a second thought.

“Dude, fucking Macy and Doug were making out in the bathroom,” George says immediately, face twisting into something disgusted. “It was so gross.”

“I thought she had a boyfriend?” Karl questions.

George shrugs. “Me too.”

“She broke up with him last week,” Dream interjects softly.

Umber eyes turn up at him, a confused yet dazzled look settling behind orange flames and priceless confidence. “How do you know?”

“I’m friends with her ex,” Dream says. “Coleman is still pissed off about it.”

“Oh,” George whispers. “Well, anyway, Sapnap asked if we wanted to play a game with a group of others—Suck and Blow, I think.”

“I want to!” Karl almost shouts, quick to hop off the counter. “They’re in his room, right?”

George nods, laughing at how quick Karl is to run off before he turns to Dream. “We don’t have to play if you don’t want to. We can just watch.”

“We can play,” Dream smiles.

At the affirmation, George smirks, pulling Dream out of the kitchen and back into the life of the party. He’s able to set his beer down on the table next to the exit, following the scent of mangos and honey-maroon sweetness across the living room decorated with Halloween props that Dream hadn’t bothered to look at until now. He can’t make out much within the darkness of the party lights, but he can see the speckles of fake webs and faux spiders in the corners of the room.

George drags him down a semi-lit hallway, stopping at the first door on the left before heading inside. There’s no music in the room, only the chatter of people that Dream assumes George knows from the happy greetings of his name booming on the walls.

Karl is sitting on the floor close to the bed, George easily finding his way over to him and motioning Dream to sit down as well.

“Guys, this is Dream,” George introduces. “My roommate!”

“Oh! Is this the guy you find hot?” someone—Dream doesn’t know their name, but he recognizes their face—pipes up with a laugh.

Wait, what?

Dream looks over at George, catching the redness of his face scorching into something of embarrassment. “S-Shut up, Quackity.”

“It totally is!” the boy exclaims, smiling at Dream. “I’m Alex, by the way. Or if you want, call me Quackity.”

George finds me hot?

“Nice to meet you,” Dream says.

He did say something about me being sexy. Is that the same thing?

His heart is pounding in his chest, half due to the anxiety of being around new people, and the other half caused by the assumption that Quackity’s words are true. George gives the new name a glare, something unforgiving behind pretty eyes that hold such delicacy when they look at Dream, who can’t help but stare at the coral-like blush that’s risen to usually pale cheeks.

Twisted mangos spill from his mouth when he speaks with a gritty tone of “I hate you all,” projecting laughs falling through the room as George only rolls his eyes and tries not to smile.

They talk for what Dream thinks is an hour, though it’s less than that, and even though he’s sitting next to George, he doesn’t include himself in any of the conversations. Rather, he leans back, admires the way George can talk to people and laugh like it’s second nature, the bounce of thin shoulders coming as easily as it is to breathe. Because Dream has always been a little too introverted, and George knows this. Maybe that’s why he asked Dream to come tonight.

Soon enough, Sappnap is the one who brings up the game: “Are we all ready to play?”

He gets a whoop of responses from half-drunk college students, quickly deciding Sapnap will go first, heading clockwise to his left. A deck of cards is spilled out on the floor, the fraternity president picking up the first one he spots—it's a queen of spades—and holds it up to his lips. Dream watches as he leans over to his right, passing the card to a girl with long blonde hair, who in turn sucks it from Sapnap's mouth and gives it to the person on her left.

"This looks a little boring," Dream whispers to the bunny on his right.

George smiles tenderly, placing his hand on Dream's thigh as he leans close. "It'll get better when they start dropping the card from their mouth."

The brunet squeezes the covered fat of Dream's leg, sharp nails digging into black fabric for a second longer before his hand pulls away. The card is passed around the circle slowly, a few people giggling here and there. And when the card comes to Karl, Dream watches George lean over to him and suck the thin thing from his lips before turning his hips to face Dream.

Dream hesitantly bends his neck down, tilting his head to the side to not bump his nose with George's. He can smell the scent of mango-flavored nicotine more intensely than before, partly due to the fact he's never been this close to the other's face. And as much as he wants to stay stuck in the hue of saccharine paradise, he tries hard not to let his breath stutter when he pulls the card from the other's mouth, lest it fall to his lap and he'll have to kiss George without the stiff paper to be stuck between their lips.

He passes it to the person next to him—a red-headed chick who he doesn't know nor care about. She takes it quickly, repeating the same actions as everyone else in the circle until the card is back to Sapnap.

"Surprised no one dropped it," he gruffs out, making direct eye contact with Dream. "We'll speed this round up a bit. Try to keep up, newbie."

"Sapnap," George warns giddily, "don't be brash."

The raven-haired smiles widely. "I'm just having fun, Gogy," he says, bringing the card up to his lips again.

Sapnap was truthful when he said things would speed up a bit, the playing card having been attached to Dream's mouth much quicker than before. After another round, the first person to drop the thin thing is Quackity; and he doesn't seem discouraged when he has to kiss the person to his left for punishment. Neither does the girl he has his lips attached to.

Dream becomes more and more out of breath with each passing round, but not once does he drop the card in his lap. Even when the beer from earlier kicks in and delivers a light buzz coursing through his nervous system.

He begins to get excited to take the card from George's mouth, anticipating the moment he'd lean in and suck thin poster from nicotine-tinted lips. Because he's desperate to be close to the boy again, the tips of his fingers tingling with hurried want as the card gets passed to Karl—though, maybe it's the alcohol that makes him so jittery.

Once Karl has the card, he turns to George, and because Dream is watching a little too intensely, he catches the moment the brunet makes a silly yet suggestive face at the boy, causing Karl to laugh as they're leaning in. The paperboard puffs out into the air, lips crashing together without that queen of spades to be parched between strawberry nectars.

Laughs are muffled by the sweet taste of lips, a pit of fury resounding low in Dream's gut as something like envy muddles his brain until it's nothing but a puddle of mush. The buzz from earlier washes away in place of jealousy that takes hold of everything conscious in his body. It speckles his skin with honeydew green, bubbling spite churning into a gooey mess of feelings he hates to understand.

He doesn't care to understand them either, doesn't want to explore the depth of whatever it is that's crawling over tan flesh with a vicious bite. Instead, he turns his gaze to the ground, drowning out the playful words of the group that mocks Karl for dropping the card.

His fingers go numb with scarlet blood that runs cold through blue veins, symptoms of hurt grabbing at every part of him that begs to leave the suffering of the room, because he'd rather not sit next to his overly pretty best friend who's making out with another pretty boy.

The resounding yearn of anticipation isn't there anymore when George taps his arm to get him to look up. And maybe it's his heart sinking to his stomach, but there's a pit of darkness swirling in his gut that coaxes him to mumble out a shitty excuse to leave the room.

"I'm gonna go get another drink," and he hopes it doesn't sound as disgusted as he feels.

He leaves the room without another word, not sparing a glance to George when he says his name softly and with question. The music is still just as upbeat as it had been when he first came in, though fewer people are out dancing this time—Dream assumes they've found someone to hook up with for the night.

Dream makes his way to the kitchen again, only this time he's relying on his memory instead of being dragged through heaps of drunk students dressed in silly costumes. And the whole thing from earlier just gives him another reason to dislike Halloween even more, because tinted mangoes hidden within tight-lipped smiles were never supposed to be attached to strawberries and ice.

Though, it isn't as if he could have done anything about it. And really, George isn't his. Therefore he can kiss whoever the hell he wants to—accident or not. So why does Dream feel betrayed? He knows George has kissed more people than he can count on his own two hands, but he's never actually had to witness the account with his own eyes before.

He steps past the door frame leading into the kitchen, woefully making his way to the refrigerator to see what Sapnap has stocked up behind the carton of milk and fruit punch. There's a mix of vodka, beer, and some other bottles Dream doesn't care to know the name of, and he isn't exactly in the mood for something strong, so he grabs the tub of punch and the bottle of vodka. Along with a red plastic cup he's finally able to hold.

He pours the vodka first into the cup, only using a little bit to fill it not even halfway before he tops it with scarlet-colored juice.

It's the second thing that night to taste so sour on his tongue, the first being the unsettling way George kissed Karl so prudently—and it feels like a slap in the face for Dream. A reality check for someone who never cares for the activities of Halloween and prefers to stay inside and watch the days pass by languidly. Because again, George isn't his, what gives him the right to act as so?

Perhaps because Dream thinks it should've been him who locks lips with George so intimately. That *he* should be the one who slips carnal-like poisons into the brunet's bloodstream like the nicotine he inhales in his lungs. Dream's skin is curling into petrified mangos, jealousy racing through every fiber that makes up his entire pathetic being until he's being dragged under the water of unsaid feelings and covalent intoxication.

Every atom in his body shrivels with the same name: George—over and over and over again. A mantra that never seems to cease and churns into something gooey and thick with viridescent envy.

The alcohol-tainted punch stings as it washes down Dream's throat, and he takes that as punishment enough for being overly sensitive to George kissing another boy that should've been him. And Karl's a sweet guy, giggly when he's drunk, and Dream wonders if George would kiss him even without the game to help its cause.

It's unlikely, maybe, but Dream still feels sick thinking about it—just because he wants to kiss George, too.

He ignores the faint echo of shoes reverberating off the kitchen walls, opting to stare at the ground and wallow in his own despair despite the reflective sheen of black latex in the corner of his eye.

His skin still burns with a biting edge of betrayal that calls him a coward for leaving so suddenly.

Stupid, stupid, stupid. Why'd you make it so obvious?

Silly enough, he's pathetically inclined to trapped feelings for a small little bunny, and he flinches at the sound of his name ringing in his ears—"Dream?"—because he knows who it is, can recognize that accent in a plethora of voices, and it'll always be his favorite one of all; one to make his heart throb and ache with a senseless of violets and red roses.

"Yeah?" he mumbles out in response, lifting his head to meet the fury of dwindling flames melted with umber glass.

"Are you okay?" George asks, worried expressions skewed across soft features.

And Dream tries to swallow the lump in his throat. "Why wouldn't I be?"

Black latex steps closer until it's caught in Dream's gaze. Delicate hands slip around the red cup he holds, taking it from his grasp and attaching strawberry lips to the side of it, and Dream watches quizzically as George makes a face when the beverage sizzles his tongue.

"Well, for starters," George hums, "you left a bit *too* quickly while I was busy with Karl, so one can only assume it has to do with that."

"I don't know what you mean."

Liar.

"You do," the bunny accuses with a shrug of his shoulders. "Even Quackity noticed how upset you looked when you left. So tell me the truth, yeah?" He slips the cup behind Dream, setting it on the counter as he invades the other's space purposefully. Dream thinks he's suffocating. "Are you upset? Or is it because Karl was kissing another boy?"

That's when Dream panics. "What?! No—George, you know I'm not like that."

"Then what is it?"

And he doesn't want to admit defeat, preparing himself for the barbaric laughter to follow suit once he confesses that he wished George was kissing him instead of Karl. So he settles on a simple "I don't want to talk about it."

But George has always been pushy. He knows how to read Dream's mind like an open book and

carve out each hidden secret as if it's something to be indulged in. Dream rather envies him for that, his gaze flicking down to nicotine-adorned lips before shooting back up to brown eyes that hold his vulnerability. *They're way too close right now.*

"It's because he was kissing *you*," Dream whispers, giving up all control.

A smirk grows wildly on the other's face at the admission of cards—almost like he's pulling a royal flush and winning the entire game of poker that Dream never bought into. *Hook, line, sinker.*

"And is that because you wanted to kiss me," George leans in just enough for Dream to smell toxic mangos, "or him."

Dream can't help but turn his gaze down to velvet lips that hold a promise of forgiveness, his tongue darting out to coat a thin glaze of spit over his own pink mouth. And he already knows his answer, has it ready to spill from his throat with a whisper of confessions that'll be the cause of his undoing.

But his breathing goes rigid because George is so *close*, whispers in the same air, and he looks at Dream like he knows. *He knows.* Of course, he does. Because Dream isn't subtle. He doesn't even try to hide the way viridian lingers on sparking collarbones when George emerges from the shower, a towel low on his torso that leaves too much for the imagination. It's hard not to imagine.

It's even harder when George is right in front of him, the push and pull of timid voices splaying vulnerable intimacy between their cores.

"I think you already know the answer to that," Dream breathes. His fingers twitch to reach out and hold onto slender wrists, pull George closer and kiss him stupid on the counter of a house he's never stepped foot in before.

He could take. He could take and hold and *fuck* George like he'd never given himself to anyone, like no one else has a hold on his heart so tight like this bunny does.

"Tell me," strawberry lips lean closer. Closer, closer, *closer* until Dream can taste mango mixing with tart vodka. "Tell me, because I might want it, too."

Maybe it's the booze, maybe it's just *George*. But before Dream gets the chance to give it a second thought, his lips are already pressed to delicate, jungle-like bitterness.

A gasp leaves George's mouth as he's kissed dumb in Sapnap's kitchen, nothing more than a noiseless whimper, but it floods Dream's ears with music louder than whatever is going on in the living room. Hands grab, and they push, and they pull until he's walking George backwards, and a thud resonates as he's pressed against the island.

There could be people in this room. They could be watching, some sick sense of disgust on their nose as they watch Dream practically shove his tongue down the brunet's throat. But he doesn't care. Not when George tastes of mangos and Smirnoff, and something akin to tobacco, and his hands slide on the expanse of tanned forearms to lower them down to his hips. Almost like he's trying to take more and more of him, capture him under uncut nails and nicotine-flavored lips.

It's breathtaking—kissing George. He's dreamt of it. Yearned for it. *Coveted it.* He holds onto blackened latex hips like they're a means of salvation, grip tight enough to bruise. They're desperate, it seems. With how George *bites* when he kisses. All tongue and teeth and lips and little to no air to be breathed, oxygen reconditioned for saccharine bliss.

George pulls away first, an eclipse in wide eyes as ebon takes over the remaining umber, and he

keeps their faces close as he breathes into Dream's mouth. There's a moment where they catch their breath, eyes trained on nothing but each other, then the right side of George's lips curve upwards.

"So," he cocks an eyebrow. "I guess it isn't Karl that you want."

It's hard not to laugh. "Shut up," Dream quips, reaching for George's hand. "You have no idea how long I've waited to—"

There's a frigid hand around his neck, and he jolts as he's pulled down once again. "Yeah, yeah. Talk later, kiss now."

Lips collide once more, edging with a plea of something more than just desperateness to adorn sick veins that swirl into cursive writings of a bunny's name he's currently trying to kiss silly. Hands grabbing for latex clothes, breathy sounds of carnal lust, bruising fingers digging into hard bone that protrudes from skin. Everything is a sin of equal grace that contradicts with each limit of what it means to take and take and take, because Dream has no limits right now—he wants to take everything he can, fuck George right here and now on the counter of a place he can't call home.

That would be overly lewd, however, so he settles on the way of George's tongue slipping beside his own as they lick fire down each other's throats until they're nothing but breathless yet wanting more.

Whimpers spill into Dream's ears when he gnaws at the flesh of George's bottom lip, a treacherous gasp hitting his chest and making him more lightheaded from the lack of oxygen supplying his brain. Soft hands run across the exposed skin of his torso, deft fingers dancing with a smile that caresses every nerve and tries to soothe—though it only does the opposite.

It makes him burn passionately, oozing orange and white candy corn that melts into something golden and captures every sly movement of hands becoming a little too greedy when exploring unmarked flesh. But Dream doesn't do anything to stop it either, rather enjoying the feeling the edge wrist cuffs provides when it drags along the sides of his ribcage and to his back. There's a trail of scarlet fingernails dipped in metaphorical fury, leaving hot iron scorching tan skin with something different from what he's imagined in his fantasies.

Those fantasies consist of him being the one to take control—not give it up for nicotine-clad lips and an exchange of slick saliva that renders him raw and useless. It consists of having George, touching George, *fucking George*, and all he wants is to have more and more. Biting at a mango-curved mouth and sucking George's tongue down his throat like it's his only capacity to aid him in breathing.

Softly, nails drag down Dream's back, sending a shiver up his spine that causes him to disconnect from George's lips like he's gasping for oxygen.

"You're so fucking pretty, George," he almost moans. "All dressed up and perfect for me. God, just *look* at you." Dream scans his eyes down as far as he can see, hands still holding small hips tightly, bruisingly. "I hope you can bounce as well as you kiss."

Dream gasps when he feels pressure below his waistband, looking down only to see George has rested a palm over the outline of his cock. He hisses when George presses down, leaning in to whisper, "And I hope you can fuck as hard as you feel."

That's when Dream, honest to god, thinks he snaps, something possessive striking in his bones as he flips George around, pushing his chest flush against granite counters with a firm grip on one of

his wrists that bends towards his back. A gasp reverberates off the walls, binds Dream to the bunny beneath his grasps, writhing against a hard surface, his ass pushing back against the blond's pelvic as he whines softly.

"Poor little bunny," Dream taunts, his control steadily slipping back into his hands. "Such a desperate little thing, aren't you?"

He can feel the pressure of a fluffy tail poking stiffly at his already-aching hard-on, adding to the barely-there stimulation that becomes fervent the more George wiggles his ass around. The brunet's cheek is pressed into cold countertops, amber eyes previously filled with confidence slipping into something like submission.

"Please," George whimpers, "do something, Dream."

Dream places open-mouthed kisses to the skin on George's back that black latex doesn't cover, pink lips tracing over the brunet's spine as he ventures down farther and farther. Until Dream eventually has to bend his knees to the ground and wandering hands situate on the bunny's ass. He smirks to himself at the sharp intake of breath he hears from above, supplying a small bite to the flesh barely covered by smooth, onyx fabric.

Then, using almost all of his strength, he rips open the back of George's costume. The tail snaps off with the yank of a pin, falling to the ground without much sound to accompany it as a surprised gasp mixed with the impression of Dream's name litters the air.

"Dream! What the hell are you—"

"—Be quiet, okay? Don't want anyone walking in here, now do we?"

George whimpers into his hand, bawling up into a fist near his mouth, nodding along to Dream's words as the blond spreads his ass open and fans hot breath over tautness. And if you asked Dream earlier in the week if he'd be thinking about eating George out over a kitchen counter in a house that isn't his, he'd tell you you're crazy—but here he is now. On his knees, his face oh-so-close to a fluttering pink rim that aches for something to be done.

"Dream," George whines, pushing his hips back. "Just *do* something already."

And so he does. He pokes his tongue out and licks a long stripe of spit over George's entrance, humming out a sound of satisfaction that strums along with a high-sounding whimper. It's sweet, dancing with sharp images of secret desires coming to reality, the one's Dream thinks about when he's in the shower or when George is asleep, and Dream is desperately fucking into his hand while his other covers his mouth.

He does it again, soaking thick spit over George's rim before slowly swirling his tongue to open him up gradually. Muted whimpers tremble out with the shake of frail thighs, Dream languidly fucking his saliva into the boy with the press of a wet muscle and carving out sweet noises he's going crazy over.

It's risky, exceptionally so, and Dream doesn't care whatsoever. Taking the idea of getting caught like *this* and shoving it down his throat, so he's focused on George's pleasure instead of mumbling slurs that echo from the living room and onto deaf ears.

Wantingly, George presses back against Dream's face, whining out muddled words that have little coherence while the magician drags his tongue over every sensitive part of the brunet's vulnerability. He's stretching him open with nothing and everything at once, brain flogged with the

rapt intent of wanting George to feel good because of *him*. Wants every moan and shutter of breath to be because of him and no one else—every *orgasm* to be a part of what he does to tear the bunny apart piece by piece before putting him back together again, almost like a puzzle.

His eyes slip shut, lips pushing against George's hole as his tongue twists and stretches in ways that could be done better with fingers and lube. Yet, Dream rather enjoys the taste blooming behind his teeth, and he knows George enjoys it, too.

Quiet moans and whispers of "Dream" urge him on, fucking his tongue in and out of George's entrance until he's sure the trembling of thighs is from what he's giving like there's no tomorrow. Like there'll be no other time he has George like this: compliant, willing to risk his pristine reputation for overwhelming pleasure that comes from the source of Dream's mouth.

And perhaps Dream is a bit *too* eager, gripping the flesh of George's ass to spread him open more than before and push his tongue even deeper inside just to hear the surprised gasp the other lets out. Dream feels pride swell in his chest at the mumble of praise, twisting and swirling his tongue around until it becomes second nature to pleasure George like this. Like he's the only person in a house full of drunk college students with nothing better to do with their lives.

Mumbles of his name fall off George's tongue with saccharine nicotine, injecting Dream with thousands of toxins that pulse with a compelling essence of *more*. And if it weren't for the barely-there reminiscence of alcohol buzzing through his veins, Dream would genuinely believe he's high on this moment, loving each angelic moan that carves out something dark behind his ribcage.

George cries out a multitude of whimpers that get muffled by his hand coming in front of his mouth, dwindling the noises Dream wishes to hear him shout. But maybe that would have to wait, because they're both too desperate to go home right now, each structure of cards coming down bit by bit until his façade is cracked and there's no way to win the game anymore. He's being praised for how he plays his hand, not the card he's been dealt.

The brunet pushes his hips back in tandem with Dream's grip pulling him closer, pushing his tongue deeper inside to coax out a sick gasp strained with clear lechery. There's drool slipping down his chin, timbre moans vibrating from the back of his throat, and all he cares to think about is giving George pleasure instead of the mess he's making of his face.

Then, as he pulls away and stands on his feet, he trails a hand down, circling his middle finger around George's entrance. He pushes inside slowly, tauntingly, teasing George until he's whining from the lack of stimulation he's receiving.

"Patient, bunny," Dream hums out darkly, the nickname sitting thick on his tongue. "Do you want me to fuck you here," he pauses to thrust his finger shallowly, "or at home?"

And George is—if not anything else—a temptress. "Here," he begs. "Please, I need it—need *you*."

"As you wish, angel," Dream smirks. He slips a second finger inside almost instantly after the first, the excess of slick spit aiding in a replacement for lube.

Every noise that isn't a pathetic moan thrums anxiety through his veins, but the idea of someone walking in on them with George looking as if he's been torn apart for Dream's marveling pleasure dwindles that fear. Because part of him wants someone to walk in, wants them to see how *good* he makes George feel just from two fingers—the more jealous part of him wishes it would be Karl who wanders into the kitchen.

And maybe that's because he wants to prove that George is *his*. That the taste of sweet nicotine

from soft lips is only his to relish in, that every moan or whimper is from the curl of his fingers deep inside the other, and perhaps he's entirely too possessive over George. But when he has him like *this*, bent over the countertop in someone else's house, he can't help but want to show the world what's his.

His fingers move swiftly, thrusting inside George with a depravity he can't describe on the tip of his tongue as he deftly spreads them apart and curls them in a way that makes George writhe. And it's *such a fucking sight* to see the little bunny cry and shake from the blissful apparition of taking Dream's fingers—it has Dream wondering how good he'd take his cock.

Dream can feel each shiver that runs through George's body. And it adds to the constant push and pull of wanting to fuck the brunet silly right here—where anyone can walk in—and wanting to drag him home and make him bounce on his dick until his legs are quivering from overstimulation and he can't go on any longer. Begging Dream to fuck him until he's nothing but a wreck of broken moans and crystalline tears that'll look prepossessing on skin so pale like George's.

And maybe he'll be able to do that right after he fucks George over the countertop of Sapnap's fraternity house.

He gathers a thick supply of saliva in his mouth, spitting over the length of tan digits when he pulls them out just enough to slip a third finger inside when he pushes back in. George audibly whimpers at the stretch, knees turning into each other as he tries to keep stability even if Dream has him pressed against marble counters, and Dream is silently prideful in the sick sound of it all.

“You're so *good*, baby,” he murmurs. “Taking everything so well, aren't you?”

The pleasure cycling over and over gives no room for George to respond with coherence, a jubilant whine muddled by teeth sinking into the back of a hand the only plea of agreement Dream can make out. But something curled into breathless idioms of “please” and “close” makes its way into deaf ears seconds later.

“What was that?” Dream taunts, thrusting his fingers harder.

“M close,” George gets out after a moment. “Close—pl-please,” he mumbles, limply lifting himself on his hands and looking over his shoulder. Dream slows his pace. “Just...f-fuck me. *Now*.”

Dream ignores the pins and needles that bite his skin red at the vulgar words that spew from a nicotine-flavored mouth, drawing his fingers out of George quickly before his hands are gripping the bunny's waist and flipping him over. He hoists George up on the counter, small hands fumbling with the belt of his trousers as he's pulled closer between the other's open legs.

“Are you sure,” Dream starts breathlessly, “you want me to fuck you here?” He's almost embarrassed.

“Yes,” George throws out, fingers unzipping Dream's pants and pushing them down, “right here, Dream. I need it.”

And no matter what fears Dream has of getting caught, the scarlet arousal flowing through his bloodstream overpowers it tenfold. He spits into his hand, wrapping sticky fingers around the width of his cock, and spreading slickness down to the base; warmth blossoms exuberantly in his stomach, butterflies with sharp wings cutting through blue veins.

George lays on his back, fingers looped around the beltway of Dream's dress pants to pull him

closer to his entrance. “Don’t hold back,” he whispers, and Dream thinks he’s gone to heaven.

He pushes inside slowly, feeling the tautness that swallows him almost immediately, blissful pleasure flowing rampantly through his brain that he can barely think of anything else besides wanting to please George. His breath becomes heavy with each second that passes, pushing, pushing, *pushing* until he bottoms out, falling over George’s frail body and barely propping himself up on his hands.

“You’ll have to be quiet,” Dream says.

The smirk that slides over George’s face is dangerous. “Shut me up then, baby.”

He doesn’t say anything more, crashing his lips against George’s in tandem with his hips drawing back before slamming inside. The moan is swallowed on his tongue, muffled, toned down into something no one will hear over the thump of music that comes from the living room just one door over. And Dream hopes that whoever *does* happen to see them like this is either too drunk or high to remember the moment coherently.

George kisses Dream roughly and without thought, mango-flavored passion dripping to the back of his throat that coaxes timbre moans that mix with higher ones. It’s honey-dewed bliss to Dream, rocking his hips at a steady pace that causes a plethora of fire-like desire to be breathed and swallowed feverishly on his tongue.

Because George is Dream’s addiction, his personal nicotine stick that’s flavored with mangos and sweetness that he doesn’t have to recharge or buy again because it’s permanent. *George* is permanent.

Moan after moan falls against Dream’s mouth, neither of them leaving any room for a lick of oxygen to coat toxic lungs with something clean. But part of Dream doesn’t wish for it, wanting to fuck and kiss George until he’s breathless and wrecked (which is already being accomplished). And though he doesn’t want to, he parts from George’s mouth only to whisper a soft “be quiet” before attaching his lips to the side of the other’s neck.

He paints a picture of claimant over George with bright scarlet marks that’ll turn a bruising mauve by the time they wake up tomorrow—though when tomorrow does come, more bruises are made in the golden light of the sun slipping through the window of their dorm room.

Dream fucks George roughly, biting hickeys into paper-based skin while every worry about getting caught vanishes from his head, and he’s focused on pleasing George and chasing his orgasm. He makes George feel good, savoring each pathetic noise that slips into his ears and the sound of skin against skin echoing off the walls and being deafened by the music thumping from the living room.

Pleasure languidly builds in his stomach, each drag of his cock in and out of George creating a burning mess of umber flames that scour tan skin and eat him alive. Dream can feel the tremble of small thighs when George wraps his legs around his waist, can hear the whisper of “close” and “more” that falls from a velvet tongue caught up in satisfaction.

“Feel good, bunny?” Dream taunts quietly from George’s neck, a quiet laugh caught in his throat.

George chokes over his words. “Y-Yeah—*fuck*—feels am-amazing, Dream.”

The praise only makes Dream thrust harder, low moans falling against soft skin and silenced by the marble-like painting consisting of blood-red hickeys that show everyone who looks that George is

Dream's.

"Can't wait to get you home," Dream murmurs. "I want to make you scream, darling."

"Please," George rasps out, "want that, want *you*."

"Oh, but you have me, baby," Dream slips a hand down just below the other's stomach, pressing down lightly against latex, "right here, you have me."

That's what it takes for George to cum, for his body to tense up and his legs to squeeze tighter around Dream's waist. His moans become more broken and drawn out, choked up from the back of his throat as his eyes roll to the back of his head with the dangerous name of *Dream* on his tongue.

George's orgasm face is pretty, twisted with creamy mango and a sweet scarlet blush scattered over the bridge of his nose that spreads down his neck. Dream supposes it's one of the most pristine things he's ever seen.

"You," Dream breathes, "are so," he slams inside harshly, "*fucking* pretty."

He receives a barley-coherent "thank you" in response, slurred from a tongue that can't stay still in a mouth that won't stay closed. But maybe that's what he wants—for George to be nothing but a spit-slicked mess that can't form his sentences correctly; it's certainly working to push him closer to the edge of his own undoing. The moans, the tightness around his cock, the possibility of anyone walking in the kitchen and seeing George *like this*—all ruined and pathetic—is an adrenaline rush that surges to his brain and then down south.

Static flows thickly through the marrow of his bones, hips moving rhythmically as he fucks George through his orgasm and chases his own.

George is whining, his sounds becoming more high-pitched as the second pass, and he's pushed under the veil of overstimulation. And Dream tries not to continually hit that one spot that makes him see stars, but it's almost impossible with the size of his cock, especially when he knows he's giving George too much (yet the brunet isn't complaining).

"Want it inside or out?" Dream asks as he inches closer to the edge of a cliff.

"In-Inside," George mumbles pathetically. "Please."

Dream slumps forward languidly, his nose bridged just below George's jawline as he continues to fuck the boy roughly, listening to every sound that slips into his ears and wrecks havoc over his body and mind. Each slide of his cock inside the tightness of George's ass coaxes him into his orgasm with saving restraint, teeth biting into pale skin to muffle the low noise of strangled moan with another reminiscence of claim. He cums inside George like requested, hips stuttering as he pushes himself through the blistering heat that almost throbs when it turns his skin raw.

George mewls when Dream finally stops, deafened by the sound of music that Dream finally cares to consider. The realism of the situation kicks in only seconds later, a soft groan leaving his lips and vibrating into George's neck ticklish enough to make him giggle.

"What's that for?" George asks, shaky fingers running through blond hair.

"We just had sex," a pause, "in someone else's house," another pause, "on their kitchen *counter*." Dream lifts his head and stares into umber eyes. "I'm humiliated," he jokes.

A smile cracks over nicotine-addicted lips, something like adoration lingering in pretty swirls of

bliss before Dream tastes mangos on his tongue once again. And the kiss is short-lived, but it burns with passion that squeezes Dream's chest tight, cuddling him with comfort and warmth.

"You're such a baby," George laughs.

Huffing playfully, Dream sits up, pulling out of George and hissing a quiet "fuck." George only makes a face at the feeling. The sound of metal rings out as Dream tucks himself back inside his pants, buckling his belt.

"I think you're gonna have to give me your jacket," the brunet whispers smugly. "You kind of tore open my costume earlier."

"Oh yeah. Oops."

End Notes

comments and kudos are appreciated

[follow my twitter](#) if you want, i'm posting exciting things at 8k :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!